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The Documents in Evidence

BY

HENRY M. BLOSSOM JR

THE DOCUMENTS IN . . . EVIDENCE

By HENRY M. BLOSSOM, Jr.

When love is a game of three,
One heart can win but pain,
While two between them share the joy
That all had hoped to gain;
And one in its bitter sadness
Smiles on — lest the others see,
But two in their new-found gladness
Forget 'twas a game of three.

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BUXTON & SKINNER, PUBLISHERS
ST. LOUIS, MO.

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OFFICE OF

SAINT LOUIS TOBACCO COMPANY. (INCORPORATED)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FINE PLUG AND SMOKING TOBACCO.

ST. LOUIS, June 13th '93

Ormsby Farnsworth,
Boston.

Dear Old Ormsby:-

I have been hard at it for six weeks now and I'm not expected to live. In the light of obvious circumstance this statement may seem a little highly colored — but it isn't. Fancy me, the man who once held the record for cutting chapel, up and at work in a factory every day at 7 A.M. I like work of course; I find great enjoyment in it, but I hate to be entirely given over to pleasure of this sort.

You'd scarcely know me now, Old Man, I've made it a rule to stay at home every night, read a little while and go to bed. I'm building up a big reputation with my uncle, for "Early to bed and early to rise" is a maxim dear to his heart. At the solicitation of Tommy Rollins (you remember him, the Freshman who was fired for giving a "punch" on Bloody Monday night) I broke over the rule a little last Saturday evening and I seemed to oversleep Sunday morning. At dinner I mentioned something to Uncle David about the "luckless early worm" whereupon he pointedly replied "that the aforesaid worm had doubtless been out all night, and was just dragging uncertainly home when nailed by the virtuous, matutinal bird".

I wish that I had been born either rich or a coal heaver. The thought that a man of my taste, my peculiar aptitude for enjoying the best things in life, should sink to the level of a sad-eyed slave, gives me ingrowing nerves.

Yesterday an exciting little incident occurred which somewhat varied the monotony. You must know by way of preface that the first week of my arrival here my aunt took me across the way to call upon a little neighbor of ours, Miss Dorothy Carr. I was surprised to find her an interesting talker, a thorough musician, and not lacking in "natural advantages" —

Besides which she has two-fifty in her own right. Since then I have dropped over informally in the early evening very often — I have knocked out local competition, and monopolized the track. If I were as lucky in business Ozmsby, as I am in my love affairs, I'd own blocks of office buildings But to relate the incident referred to. —

Last evening as I sat upon the piazza awaiting dinner, Miss Carr drove up in her new Spider; I immediately started over to assist her to alight but she didn't wait for me. As she stood for a moment upon the step, she half turned in answer to my "good evening" when in some way her foot slipped and she fell directly under the wheels. Luckily the horse remained still. In an instant she had struggled from her dangerous position and regained her feet, but as I reached her side she tottered and sank helplessly into my arms. She had fainted dead away. I carried her into the house as gently and gracefully as possible and left her in care of her maid who had seen the whole affair from within. This morning I called and learned that besides of course the nervous shock, she was suffering from a severe sprain of some sort. It might have been much more serious, and I assure you I was decidedly anxious about her for a moment, but as it turned out — Well! perhaps there's no great harm done. The truth is Old Man, I am very fond of this little girl and I've more than half a mind to marry her and settle down."

He who has no patrimony
Must get his wealth by matrimony"

saith the proverb, and from the proverb's standpoint, here's my golden opportunity.

Well I must close. Remember my life is now a barren reality and every letter "falls like a gentle dew". Be merciful therefore and write to me often,

Yours as ever,
Faithfully
Robert Summerhower.

G

My dear Mr Howe—
Accept my warmest thanks for your heroic efforts in my behalf when last we met.
I should have written to thank you yesterday but this is the first moment I have been allowed to sit up.

I think I shall be able to persuade Mamma and the Doctor to let me hobble down into the library in a few days, and I shall hope to see you at the first possible moment.

Believe me,

Sincerely your friend

Wednesday a. m. Dorothy Carr

Mr. Deane said that as I talk, I am done for. Spending in the night from Mrs. Clare kept from delirium, I consider it. Contrary, however, the doctor, Mr. Hope, Mr. Landsley, and you, Carr, left. Doctor to go Saturday. Mrs. Hope left with Mr. and Mrs. Carr. Stayed to the wedding. It was a brilliant affair. Mr. Hope's present was a diamond ring. Mr. Landsley's present was a check. Mrs. Hope's present was a

SENT TO MISS CARR ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WITH A BOX OF ROSES.

SENT TO MISS CARR ON THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON WITH A BOX OF ROSES.

Nil Desperandum.

To take the broadest view of life,
It seems to me essential
That all our ups and downs be deemed
In some way Providential.

I know 'tis hard through every trial,
In every time and place,
"Behind a frowning Providence"
To see "a smiling face".

Our trials of body, mind and purse
Set obstinately toward it,
To do the thing we least expect
When we can least afford it.

Yet in a certain sense,—"The saddest
Words of tongue or pen",
Are far from sad, Is something bad?
Think what it might have been.

I've wondered oft why poets all,
Of every age and rank 'll
Stoop to sing a dainty foot,
Or praise a well turned ankle.

A well turned ankle has no claims
So far as I can see,
Which might not justly appertain
To any well-sprained knee.

Thus every grief it's solace has
If we but strive to find it,
Each worldly pleasure has it's pain
Close following behind it.

And so it seems there's little choice
When everything is told,
'Twixt pleasures that are circumscribed,
And grievances consoled.

Robert Sumner Howe

St Louis June 15th 93

ALGONQUIN CLUB.

Boston, June 19th '93

My Dear Bob:-

I actually "dimpled with delight" upon finding your letter awaiting me here this morning, and I am fortunate in having a leisure moment in which to answer it, for somehow when a chap has nothing to do you know, it's hard to find time for anything; though seriously, simply getting about does keep me in such a deuced rush that I sometimes feel as though "life would be rather enjoyable if it weren't for its pleasures".

Your present mode of living, if I may believe your letter, has my interested and entire approval. Nothing like hard work to round out the character and make a man of one. Be thankful, Bob, that no one has done you ~~the~~ ill turn to leave you a fortune in your callow youth, though later in life it would not be without

certain advantage. But about this Miss Carr, take my advice. Old Chap, have a real sport you like with her, but let some one of your "competitors" marry her if he chooses. For a man of your parts to tie himself down to any little Western girl however smart she may seem out there – all things are relative, you know – would be a deuced bad break, take my word for it.

Regarding matrimony I rather agree with the old philosopher who said "Whether you marry or not you'll regret it". You see, if a chap does marry the measure of his regret is in the inverse ratio of the selection he makes reduced I think, to a minimum where he marries a girl in his own immediate circle and thus lessens the chances for friction of ideas upon "Life Topics."

On the other hand to the young and enthusiastic Clubman who still retains his health, matrimony in the abstract is not alluring, and not until he is irrevocably fixed in his "Unit" arianism does the conviction reluctantly force itself upon him that "it is the eminently proper and respectable thing to do" and "the only way to live."

Personally, "I'd rather bear the ills I have, than fly to others that I know not of."

Boston is simply dead now – everyone is out of town. Mother and Ethel are at Bar Harbor with a cottage full of girls. I shall run up in the Gladys as soon as she's in shape – I am having her overhauled a bit. How I wish you could be with me Old Chap, Can't you get away for a few weeks? They say St Louis is a beastly hot hole. Tell your Uncle you must have a little outing and he can't have the heart to refuse.

Rejoicing therefore in the fond hope of seeing you soon,

I remain,

Faithfully your Friend,

Arthur Dunstry Farnsworth.

RECEIVED BY MR. HOWE AT HIS OFFICE THURSDAY AFTERNOON JULY 27TH, AT 5 O'CLOCK.

My dear Mr Howe –

I am going East with Papa tonight by the "Big Four" – I think at 7.45. Can not you come down to the train and say good bye – I want to tell you how very sorry I am that I should not be able to keep my engagement with you tomorrow evening. Papa sent up word at the eleventh hour

RECEIVED BY MR. HOWE AT HIS OFFICE THURSDAY AFTERNOON JULY 27TH, AT 5 O'CLOCK.

that I was obliged
to leave for Eleu-
therian Territory
under that I should
not reach Eleuthera
in time to meet the
Steamer. I have just received
word from Port-Nassau
and intend to leave
at 8 o'clock, after from
what I can learn
Mr. Eleuthera
should be no end of
shipping to relay from
Eleuthera to Nassau
I shall go
as fast as I can
and hunt the Southern
Gentlemen — the land

G

New York —
July 30th.

Thank you so much, dear Mr. Howe, for the perfectly lovely flowers. The porter kept them in a cool spot during the night, and in the morning, as you had ordered, brought them to me fragrant and delicious — a most charming surprise. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

which I now go in
completely renovated, I
have never before
seen a collection of
such interesting objects
to be seen, with
the boys and the roses, the
grass & the flowers, & really
it becomes so pleasant
indeed that it is quite
as fascinating as does
poor poetic idiot should
do we are but a little to
remain where it is my
duty to render it clear
everyone is out of town
for the summer, & those
who are here & there & many
too left. We are at the
Windsor, and shall

St Louis August 10th 1893.

My dear Miss Dorothy,

I returned yesterday morning from a ten days sojourn in the wilds of Missouri (my vacation by the way) to find your characteristically sweet little note awaiting me.

Believe me I rejoice with you in the prospect of the pleasures before you, and I regret more than I can possibly express, my inability to share them with you, for a few days at least, but I simply cannot get away.

My vacation was spent with one of our office men at "a place he knew" in the Ozark Mountains. I went on the spur of the moment, a day or two after your departure. The scenery and air were delightful, and the trout fishing excellent. Apart from that — well, as I have somewhere read, "To write country idylls, one should live in town". What with bread of the genus "salt risin", chickens killed and cooked within the hour, and the forced attentions of a most unpleasant local contingent, yclept "ticks", I recalled the aphorism as peculiarly pertinent.

I send you today a few songs which

lie, I think, well within your voice. I hope some of them will please you.

It is very lonesome here without you, dear Miss Dorothy. I can't begin to tell you how I miss your companionship – your singing, our pleasant drives, and delightful little evenings together. I am still so much a stranger here it seems as though in when you went East the West "slipped up," for all my world went with you.

I have nothing before me now but work – steady, engrossing work of the kind I hope will count – I intend that it shall count, and I rejoice in this intention, not as one who combines the pleasures of stern resolve with a lazy freedom from labor – Alas! it is so easy to feel that success is gained by dreaming of it, and that hopes will be fulfilled because we hold them – but as one who, conscious that the opportunities just before him hold in solution all that is essential to happiness, is careful to see that his future does not get irretrievably behind him. And in the strength of this Spartan spirit I am forced to find a sort of grim contentment which must, in its measure, supersede my ardent longing for a few weeks in the dear old East by the grand old sea – with you.

I fear I have no news which would interest you, and so I will close.

Hoping you are well and happy, and wishing you the pleasantest possible Summer I am

Yours faithfully
Robert Summerhow.

P.S. Rec. I 19.

CLADYS

Newport Harbor,
August 25th 1893.

Congratulate me, my dear Bob, for I'm the happiest man in the world. I know that this is the trite and conventional saying, and I've chaffed many another poor chap over it in days gone by, but for all that, in this case it is true.

I'm engaged, Bob – engaged to the dearest, sweetest little girl in the world. It is a typical case of love at first sight – I've known her but two weeks, and we've been engaged two days – but it seems to me I've loved her all my life.

It all occurred in this way. I had been taking a few Bar Harbor chaps for a little cruise along the coast, and we finally dropped down to Newport to

see the tennis. At a very informal little dinner we chanced to attend — I met her. Before dinner I was barely presented. She sat diagonally opposite me at the table, and though apparently engrossed with the man at her right, I felt that she took a furtive interest in me, which I carefully nurtured into a smiling understanding before we had finished. Upon entering the drawing room we found her seated at the piano, surrounded by the ladies who were begging for another song. She sang an exquisite little ballad called "At Parting," and Bob, there was pathos — there were tears in her voice — I can't describe it — but as she turned away her eyes met mine, and I loved her from that moment.

I've been fortunate in seeing a great deal of her since then, and with tennis, drives, yachting parties, et cet. to pass away the time, we have spent a most delightful two weeks together. Tuesday I gave her the most tasteful little dinner here on the Gladys. I conned possibly devise, and that evening, standing whispering in the moonlight, gazing out across the water, I held her. I loved her — I asked her to be my wife, and she answered — Yes!

Happy, Bob, — well you'll never know what happiness is until you have had a like experience, which I hope may be soon.

And now, old chap, to my great regret, I am obliged for the present to withhold from you the young lady's name. She has made me solemnly promise "not to breathe our engagement to a living soul" until she says I may, and — voilà tout. Of course we can scarcely expect to keep the affair long a secret. Indeed Dame Rumor is already busy — but possibly my former reputation as a flirt, however unjustly earned, may now come in and declare a dividend.

Nevertheless, old chap, I know you'll approve my choice, and you're to stand up with me, Bob, when the time comes — that's settled.

Good bye for now, and write to me soon.

As ever, affectionately

Your happy old Chum,

Ormsby.

A CLIPPING FROM

TOWN TOPICS.

THE recent engagement of Miss Dorothy Carr of St. Louis, and Mr. Ormsby Farnsworth, makes a sad deduction from the ranks of the rich and youthful society bachelors of Boston. Mr. Farnsworth is one of the leaders of the swagger set; a member of half a dozen clubs; owner of the smartest of four-in-hand coaches; a polo man and huntsman; a capital dinner-giver and a royal host. With a plethoric purse to make all his hospitalities easy, he has naturally been a coveted possession for solicitous mammas with marriageable daughters. Miss Carr of whose talent, amiability and cleverness I hear most pleasant things, is a petite beauty of the blonde type. She is the niece of Mrs. Van Cortlandt Beekman, and it was while the guest of her aunt at the Beekman Cottage that Mr. Farnsworth met her. I understand that Miss Carr is now at Bar Harbor, the guest of her prospective sister-in-law Miss Ethel Farnsworth, of whom it seems she was a classmate at Farmington. The wedding will doubtless be set for some time about mid-winter.

D. B. HOWE, Prest. ROB'T. L. CRAWFORD, Vice-Prest. ALLAN W. ADAMS, Sec'y & Treas.

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ST. LOUIS, Sept. 5th, '93.

My dear Ormsby:

I trust you will pardon me for the delay in answering your letter but I have been at home sick for a week past — the result I suppose of my vacation. The average trip for the health will break down any constitution.

I saw in Town Topics yesterday a confirmation of my worst fears. I suppose I haven't any right to kick on my luck, considering the number of men there are with only one leg for instance; but I'll leave it to you Ormsby, if it isn't just a little tough to have your best friend meet the girl upon whom for months you have spent time, wealth and gray brain matter, and sign her in two weeks with the aid of a yacht, a four-in-hand coach, and a fat bank account. I can scarcely blame you Old Man, nor can I blame myself. I was outclassed, that's all. I was trailing along back with the buggies while you were right up behind the hearse. The essential difference between us I take to be this — I'm a party; you're a parti — Girls have a way of noticing these little things.

But I congratulate you nevertheless. You are getting a beautiful, accomplished and lovable little girl who, though "Western" and not in your immediate circle", will I am sure make you supremely happy. I shall be glad to stand up with you Old Man, and do the needful in everyway. I once hoped for a little different assignment in the cast, but — Well! "A white girl's mighty onsartin!"

Last night I called upon the old folks and gave them my personal assurance of your "fitness". They seem to bear up under the sad prospect of losing their only daughter with the same cheerful resignation to the will of Providence which might characterize the sole heir of a wealthy uncle recently deceased. I shall expect to see you both out here before very long.

Give my kindest regards to Miss Carr, and believe me

Yours as ever,

Faithfully,

Robert Summerhowe.

P.S. I sent her that song "At Parting".

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